

Mad

by Arctick Child

Category: Halo
Genre: Angst
Language: English
Status: Completed
Published: 2011-09-07 03:05:56
Updated: 2011-09-07 03:05:56
Packaged: 2016-04-26 23:15:58
Rating: K+
Chapters: 1
Words: 452
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: Red vs Blue. His hands are perfect.

Mad

Disclaimer; I don't own Red vs Blue.
>Thanks to Martienne for the Beta.<p>

Mad

Madness, Leonard has learned, is silent.

He looks down at his hands, wondering who they belonged to. Certainly not him. They're too clean, too perfect. After everything he's done, after all the blood on his hands, they should be marred in some way. They should have more lines, more scars.

He interlaces his fingers. They fit together so smoothly, like the pieces of a puzzle, flawless and steady. They should be shaking, he thinks. Shaking, like a madman's. Or maybe he's past that stage. Maybe this is the calm after the storm.

Maybe the last crack had broken him beyond repair.

He thinks back to the training floor. He had been so angry. Angry, because they were weak. Angry, because they were scared. And afraid. He was afraid, because he knew it fell to him to make them stronger. And he had been afraid because he doesn't know, anymore, whether he can.

He twists his fingers, and is rewarded by the creases and bumps that form where his fingers meet. That looks better. Less organized, less clinical. But after a moment his hands relax, and they fall back into place, like perfect little soldiers.

Soldiers. He hates the very thought of it. Soldiers are weak; soldiers are foolish; and soldiers die. Soldiers always, no matter

what he tries, they always die. Despite all the work he's done, all the ways he's attempted to make them stronger, smarter, faster; still they die. All of them. And he can do nothing but watch.

He takes a deep breath, trying to calm himself. He needs to be composed; he needs to think clearly; he needs to get to work. But every time he tears his gaze from his hands, he remembers the sight of York, sprawled out on the cold metal of the training floor, immobile. He wonders if that was how Allison looked, when she died. He wonders if she felt as much pain.

And then he turns back to his hands, because he can't allow himself to think about Allison.

His hands, though, they give him no more rest. They're so perfect, so clean. They should be red, and shaking. They should reflect everything about the man they belong to.

But these aren't his hands, he thinks, not really. Leonard Church doesn't have hands. Leonard Church doesn't need them.

Because Leonard Church is trapped deep within the ship, screaming as insanity tears him apart.

The Director pushes himself to his feet, and his perfect hands fall to his sides, ready to begin the day's work.

End
file.